THE Shoo-makers Holy-day OR THE GENTLE CRAFT.

With the humorous life of SIMON EYRE, Shoo-maker, and Lord Mayor of LONDON.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Majesty on New yeares day at night, by the right Honourable Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall of England, his Servants.

LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn wright*, and are to be sold at his Shop without Newgate. 1631.

LONDON

To all good Fellowes, Professors of *the Gentle Craft: of what degree soeuer.*

KInde Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merry conceited Comedie, called, the *Shoomakers Holiday*, acted by my Lord Admirals Players at a Christmas time, before the Queens most excellent Maiesty. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted, being indeed no way offensiue. The Argument of the Play I will set downe in this Epistle. Sir *Hugh Lacy* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a young Gentleman of his owne name his neere kinsman, that loued the Lord Maiors daughter of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a company into France: who resigned his place to another Gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoomaker, to the house of *Simon Eyre* in Tower street who serued the Maior and his household with shoocs. The merriments that passed in *Eyres* house, his comming to be Maior of London, *Lacies* getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Three mens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you.

Farewell.

The first Three-mans Song.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolike, ſo gay, and ſo greene, ſo greene, ſo greene:
O and then did I vnto my true-loue ſay,
Sweet *Peg*, thou ſhalt be my Summers Queene.

NOw the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,
The ſweeteſt ſinger in all the Foreſt Quier:
Intreats thee ſweet Peggy to heare thy true-loues tale,
Loe yonder ſhe ſitteth, her breaſt againſt a bryer.

But O I ſpye the Cuckow, the Cuckow, the Cuckow,
See where ſhe ſitteth, come away my ioy:
Come away I prethee, I doe not like the Cuckow
Should ſing where my Peggy and I ſitte and toy.

O the Month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolike, ſo gay, and ſo greene, ſo greene, ſo greene,
And then did I vnto my true-loue ſay,
Sweet *Peg*, thou ſhalt be my Summers Queene.

The ſecond Three-mans *Song.*

This is to be ſung at the latter end.

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good ſpæd:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
nor helps good hearts in neæd.

Trowle the bowle, the iolly Nut-browne bowle,
and here kinde mate to thée:
Let's ſing a dirge for Saint Hughs Soule,
and downe it merrily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
hey, dery, dery, downe, a downe, Cloſe with the tenor boy.
Hoe well done, to me let come,
ring compaſſe gentle toy.

Trowle the bowle, the Nut-browne bowle,
and here kinde, &c. as often as there be men to drinke.
A laſt when all haue drunke, this verſe.

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good ſpæd:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helps good hearts in neæd.

The Prologue as it was pronounced *before the Queens Maieſty.*

AS wretches in a Storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands, and eyes caſt vp to heauen
Make prayers the Anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we (deare Goddeſſe, wonder of all eyes)
Your meaneſt vaſſals (through miſtruſt and feare,
To ſinke into the bottome of diſgrace
By our imperfect paſtimes) proſtrate thus
On bended knees, our ſayles of hope doe ſtrike,
Dreading the bitter ſtormes of your diſlike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is ſuch,
That to our ſelues our ſelues no helpe can bring,
But needs muſt periſh, if your Saint-like eares
(Locking the Temple where all mercy ſits)
Refuſe the tribute of our begging tongues.
O grant (bright mirror of true Chaſtity)
From thoſe life-breathing ſtarres, your Sun-like eyes,
One gracious ſmile: for your celeſtiall breath
Muſt ſend vs life, or ſentence vs to death.

A pleaſant Comedie of the Gentle Craft.

Enter Lord Mayor, Lincolne.

Lincolne.

My Lord Mayor, you haue ſundry times
Feaſted my ſelfe, and many Courtiers more,
Seldome or neuer can we be ſo kinde,
To make requitall of your courteſie:
But leauing this I heare my Couſin Lacy,
Is much affected to your daughter Roſe.

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and ſhe loues him ſo well,
That I miſlike her boldneſſe in the chace.

Lin. Why my Lord Mayor, thinke you it then a ſhame,
To ioyne a Lacy with an Otleyes name?

L. Maior. To meane is my poore girle for his high birth,
Poore Citizens muſt not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in ſilkes, and gay apparell ſpend
More in one yeare, than I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girle.

Lincolne. Take heed my Lord, aduiſe you what you doe,
A verier vnthrift liues not in the world,
Then is my Coſen, for I tell you what;
'Tis now almoſt a yeare ſince he requeſted,
To trauell Countries for experience,
I furniſht him with coyne, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to reſpect him: but ſee the end:
Scant had he iourneyed through halfe Germany,

But

But all his coyne was spent, his men cast off,
His bills inbezeled, and my iolly Cuze
Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
Became a Shoomaker in Wittemberge,
A goodly Science for a Gentleman
Of such descent: now iudge the rest by this.
Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,
He did consume more in one halfe yeare,
And make him heire to all the wealth you haue,
One twelue months ryoting will waste it all,
Then seeke my Lord some honest Citizen
To wed your daughter to.

L.Maior. I thanke your Lordship,
Well For, I understand your subtility,
As for your Nephew, let your Lordships eye
But watch his actions, and you need not feare,
For I haue sent my Daughter farre enough,
And yet your Cosen Rowland might doe well,
Now he hath learn'd an Occupation,
And yet I scorne to call him son in Law.

Lincolne. But I haue a better trade for him
I thanke his Grace he hath appointed him
Chiefe Colonell of all those Companies
Mustred in London, and the shires about,
To serue his Highnesse in those warres of France:
See where he comes: Louell what newes with you?

Enter Louell, Lacy, and Askew.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, 'tis his Highnesse will,
That presently your Cosen ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Deepe within foure dayes.

Lincolne. Goe certifie his Grace it shall be done,
Now Cosen Lacy in what forwardnesse
Are all your Companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd,
The men of Hartford-shire are at Mile-end,
Suffolke and Essex traine in Tuttle-Fields.
The Londoners and those of Middlesex,

All

All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolike spirits long for their parting houre.

L.Ma. They haue their impresse, coats and furniture,
And if it please your cozen Lacy come
To the Guild-hall, he shall receiue his pay,
And twenty pounds besides, my Brethren
Will freely giue him, to approue our loues
We beare vnto my Lord your vncle here.

Lacy. I thanke your Honour.

Lincolne. Thankes my good Lord Maior.

L.Ma. At the Guild-hall we will expect your comming. Exit.

Linc. To approue your loues to me: no subtilty
Nephew: that twentie pound he doth bestow
For ioy to rid you from his daughter Rose:
But Cozens both, now here are none but friends,
I would not haue you cast an amorous eye
Upon so meane a proiect as the loue
Of a gay wanton painted Citizen,
I know this Churle euen in the height of scorne,
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine:
I pray thee doe thou so remember Coze
What honourable fortunes wait on thee,
Increase the Kings loue which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes: I haue no heire but thee,
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,
Thou start from the true bias of my loue.

Lacy. My Lord I will, for honour, not desire
Of lands or liuings, (or to be your heire)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall adde glory to the Lacyes name.

Lin. Coze, For those words here's thirty Portugues,
And Nephew Askew there's a few for you,
Faire honour in her loftiest eminence,
Stayes in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephew clap swift wings on your designes,
Be gone, be gone, make hast to the Guild-hall,
There presently Ile meet you, doe not stay,
Where honour becomes, shame attends delay. Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your Uncle haue you gone?

Lacy. True Coze, but I'le ouer-reach his policies,
I haue ſome ſerious buſineſſe for three dayes,
Which nothing but my preſence can diſpatch,
You therefore Coſen with the Companies
Shall haſt to Douer, there I'le meet with you;
Or if I ſtay paſt my preſcribed time,
Away for France, we'll meet in Normandie:
The twentie pounds my Lord Mayor giues to me,
You ſhall receiue, and theſe ten Portugues,
Part of mine Uncles thirtie, gentle Coze.
Haue care to our great charge, I know your wiſedome
Hath tride it ſelfe in higher conſequence.

Ask. Coze, all my ſelfe am yours, yet haue this care,
To lodge in London with all ſecreſie,
Our Uncle Lincolne hath (beſides his owne)
Many a iealous eye, that in your face
Stares onely to watch meanes for your diſgrace.

Enter Sy. Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firke, Iane, and Raſe with a peece.

Eyre. Leaue whining, leaue whining, away with this whimpering, this puling, theſe blubbering teares, and theſe wet eyes, I'le get thy husband diſcharged, I warant thee, ſweet Iane: go to.

Hodge. Maiſter here be the Captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, hold you knaue, hold.

Firke. Here be the Caualliers and the Coronels, maiſter.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, ſtand by with your pilbery palbery, away, I am a man of the beſt preſence, I'le ſpeake to them an they were Popes. Gentlemen, Captaines, Colonels, Commanders, braue men, braue leaders, may it pleaſe you to giue me audience; I am Symon Eyre the mad Shoomaker of Tower-ſtreet, this wench with the mealy mouth is my wife, I can tell you: Here's Hodge my man, and my foreman; Here's Firke my fine ſtirking Iourney-man, and this his blubbered Iane, all we come to be ſuters for this honeſt Raſe, keepe him at home, and as I am a true Shoomaker, and a Gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy ſpurres your ſelfe, and I'le finde you boots theſe ſeuen yeares,

Wife

Wife. Seuen yeares husband?

Eyre: Peace Didzille, peace, I know what I doe, peace.

Firke. Truly maister Eyre, you shall doe God good seruice to let Rafe and his wife stay together, she's a young new maried woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you vndoe her, shemay beg in the day time, for he's as good a workeman at a pricke and awle, as any is in our Trade.

Iane. O let him stay, else I shall be vndone,

Firke. I trulie, she shall be laid a one side like a paire of old shoes else, and be occupied for no vse.

Lacy: Truly my friends it lies not in my power,
The Londoners are prest, paid, and set forth
By the Lord Mayor, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a Corporall as a Colonell, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true, I thinke you doe more than you can answer, to presse a man within a peare and a day of his mariage.

Eyre. Well said melancholie Hodge, gramarcie my fine fore-man.

Wife. Truly Gentlemen it were ill done for such as you to stand so stifflie against a poore young wife, considering her case, she is newly maried; but let that passe: I pray deale not roughlie with her, her husband is a young man, and but newly entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pilherypashery, your pols, and your edipols, peace Didalle, silence Cisly Bumtrinket, let your head speake.

Firke. Yea and the hornes too, maister.

Eyre. To some my fine Firke, to some: peace scoundrels, see you this man? Captaines, you will not release him, well, let him goe, he is a proper shot, let him banish: peace Iane, dry thy teares, they'll make his powder dankish; take him braue men Hector of Troy was a Hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthurs round Table, by the Lord of Ludgate, nere fed such a tall, such a dapper swordman, by the life of Pharoh, a braue resolute swordman: peace Iane, I say no more, mad knaues.

Firke. See see Hodge, hees my master rewes in commendation of Rafe.

Hodge. Rafe thou'rt a gull by this hand an thou goest not.

Ask. I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap
To meet so resolute a souldier: now
Trust me, for your report and loue to him,
A common sleight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe?

Rafe. Yes sir.

Lacy. Giue me thy hand,
Thou shalt not want as I am a Gentleman.
Woman be patient, God (no doubt) will send
Thy husband safe againe, but he must goe,
His Countries quarrell sayes it must be so.

Hodge. Thou'rt a gull by my fackins, if thou dost not goe,
I will not haue thee strike thy gimlet into these weake vessels,
pricke thine enemies Rafe. Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My Lord your Vncle on the Tower-hill
Stayes with the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may
To hasten thither. Exit Dodger.

Askew. Cosen, come let vs goe.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come:
This Dodger is my Vncles parasite,
The arrantst varlet that ere breath'd on earth,
He sets more discord in a noble house
By one days broaching in his pick-thanke tales,
Than can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares,
And he I feare shall goe with vs to France,
To pry into our actions.

Askew. Therefore Coze,
It shall behoue you to be circumspect,

Lacy. Feare not good Cozen. Rafe, hie to your Colours.

Rafe. I must because there is no remedy,
But gentle master and my louing dame,
As you haue alwayes beene a friend to me,
So in my absence thinke vpon my wife.

Iane. Alas my Rafe.

Wife.

Wife. She cannot ſpeake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groats, you muſtard tokens diſquiet not the braue ſouldier, goe thy wayes Rafe.

Iane. I, I, you did bid him goe, what ſhall I doe when he is gone?

Fir. Why be doing with me or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me ſée thy hand Iane, this fine hand, this white hand, theſe pretty fingers muſt ſpin, muſt card, muſt worke, worke you bumbaſt cotten candle Queane, worke for your liuing with a pox to you. Hold thée Rafe, here's fiue ſixpences for thée, fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the Gentlemen Shoomakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fléetſtréet, Towerſtréet and White-Chappell, cracke me the crownes of the French knaues, a pox on them, cracke them, fight by the Lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's two tiuopences, to carry into France, the third ſhall waſh our ſoules at parting, (for ſorrow is dry) for my ſake firke the Baſa mon cues.

Hodge. Rafe, I am heauy at parting, but here's a ſhilling for thée. God ſend thée to cram thy ſlops with French crownes, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Rafe. I thanke ye maſter, and I thanke you all:
Now gentle wife, my louing louely Iane,
Rich men at parting giue their wiues rich gifts,
Iewells and rings to grace their lilly hands,
Thou know'ſt our trade makes rings for womens heeles:
Here take theſe paire of ſhoes cut out by Hodge,
Sticht by my fellow Firke, ſeam'd by my ſelfe,
Made vp and pinct with letters for thy name,
Weare them my deare Iane, for thy huſbands ſake,
And euery morning when thou put'ſt them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne,
Make much of them for I haue made them ſo,
That I can know them from a thouſand mo.

Sound Drum. Enter L. Mayor, Lincolne, Lacy, Aſkew, Dodger, and ſouldiers: they paſſe ouer the Stage, Rafe falls in amongſt them, Firke and the reſt cry farewell, &c. and ſo exeunt.

Enter Rose *alone making a garland.*

Rose. Here sit thou downe upon this flowrie banke,
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head,
These Pinkes, these Roses, and these Violets,
These blushing Gillyflowers, these Marigolds,
The faire embrodery of his Coronet,
Carrie not halfe such beautie in their cheekes,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkinde Father! O my starres!
Why lour'd you so at my Nativitie,
To make me love, yet lose rob'd of my love?
Here as a theefe am I imprisoned
(For my deare Lacy's sake) within those walles,
Which by my Fathers cost were builded up
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament (I know) *Enter Sibill.*
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Sibill. God morrow young Mistris, I am sure you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the harvest.

Rose. Sibill, what newes at London?

Sib. None but good: my Lord Mayor your Father, and master Philpot your Uncle, and master Scot your Cosen, and Mistris Frigbottome by Doctors Commons, doe all by my troth send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kinde greetings to his love?

Sib. O yes, out of cry by my troth, I scant knew him, here a woore a scarfe, and here a scarfe, here a bunch of feathers, and here pretious stones and Jewels, and a paire of garters: O monstrous like one of our yellow silke Curtaines, at home here in Old-ford house, here in master Bellymounts chamber, I stood at our doore in Corne-hill, lookt at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he to me not a word, marry gip thought I with a wanion, he past by me as proud, marry foh, are you growne humorous thought I? and so shut the doore and in I came.

Rose. O Sibill, how doth thou my Lacy woong?
My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

No Doue was euer halfe so milde as he.

Sibill. Milde? yes as a bushell of stampt crabs, he lookt vpon me as sowre as verjuice: goe thy wayes thought I, thou mayst be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neathersocks: this is your fault Mistris, to loue him that loues not you, he thinkes scorne to doe as he's done to, but if I were as you, Ide cry, go by Ieronimo, go by; Ide set my old debts against my new drablets, and the hares foot against the goose giblets, for if euer I sigh when sleepe I should take, pray God I may lose my maydenhead when I wake.

Rose. Will my loue leaue me then and go to France?

Sibill. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalke before the souldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth, let him goe snick-vp young Mistris.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly,
Whether my Lacy go to France or no:
Doe this, and I will giue thee for thy paines,
My Cambricke apron, and my Romish Gloues,
My Purple stockins, and a stomacher,
Say, wilt thou doe this Sibill for my sake?

Sibill. Will I quotha? at whose suit? by my troth yes, I'le go, a cambrick apron, gloues and a paire of purple stockins, & a stomacher, I'le sweat in purple mistris for you, I'le take any thing that comes in Gods name, O rich, a cambricke apron; faith then haue at vp tailes all, I'le goe Iggy Joggy to London, and be here in a trice young mistris.

Rose. Doe so good Sibill, meane time wretched I,
Will sit and sigh for his lost company.

Enter *Rowland Lacy* like a Dutch Shoomaker.

Lacy. How many shapes haue Gods and Kings deuisd,
Thereby to compasse their desired loues,?
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,
To cloth his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
That thus disguisd, I may vnknowne possesse
The onely happy presence of my Rose:
For her haue I forsooke my charge in France,
Incur'd the Kings displeasure, and stir'd vp
Rough hatred in my vncle Lincolnes breast:

O loue how powerfull art thou, that canst change
High birth to baseneſſe, and a noble minde,
To the meane semblance of a Shoomaker:
But thus it must be, for her cruell father,
Hating the single vnion of our soules,
Hath secretly conuay'd my Rose from London,
To barre me of her presence, but I trust
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beautie, gaine her sight:
Here in Tower-street with Eyre the Shoomaker,
Meane I a while to worke, I know the trade,
I learnt it when I was at Wittemberge,
Then cheere thy hoping spirits, be not dismaid,
Thou canst not want doe Fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man. Exit.

Enter *Eyre* making himselfe ready.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girles, these drabbes, these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewis of my bounty, and licke vp the crums of my table, yet will not rise to sée my walkes cleansed: come out you powderbeef-queanes: what Nan, what Madge Mumble-crust, come out you fat Midriffe-swag-belly whores, and sweepe me these kennels, that the noysome filth offend not the noses of neighbours: what Firke I say, what Hodge, open my Shop windowes, what Firke I say.

Enter *Firke*.

Firke. O Master, ist you that speake bandog and Bedlam this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man was got into the street so early, haue you drunke this morning that your throat is so cleare?

Eyre. Ah well said Firke, well said Firke, to worke my fine knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eat it, good Master send for a Louse-wife, if you will haue my face cleaner.

Enter *Hodge*.

Eyre. Away slouen, auant scoundrell, good morrow Hodge, good morrow my fine Fore-man.

Hodge. O Master, good morrow, y'are an early stirrer, here's

heere's a faire morning, good morow Firke, I could haue slept this houre, heer's a braue day towards.

Eyre. O hast to worke my fine Fore-man, hast to worke.

Firke. Master, I am drie as dust to heare my fellow Roger talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boyes, and those that worke in the fields pray for braue dayes, we worke in a drie shop, what care I if it raine? *Enter Eyres wife.*

Eyre. How now dame Margerie, can you see to rise? trip and goe, call vp the drabs your maides.

Wife. See to rise? I hope 'tis time inough, 'tis earlie enough for any Woman to be seene abroad, I maruell how many wiues in Tower-street are vp so soone: Gods me 'tis not none, here's a yawling.

Eyre. Peace Margerie, peace, wher's Cisly Buntrinket your maid? she hath a priuie fault, she farts in her sleepe, call the Queane vp, if my men want shoe threed, I'le swinge her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a drie beating, here's still a signe of drought. *Enter Lacy singing.*

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelderland, Frolick si byen
He was als drunke he cold nyet stand, vp solce se byen,
Tap eens de canneken drinck scheue mangekin.

Firke. Master, for my life yonders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he beare not Saint Hughe's bones I'la forfeit my bones, he's some vnlandish worke man, hire him good Master, that I may learne some gibble gabble, 'twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world, let him passe, let him vanish we haue Iournymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans councell, you shall see what will come on't, we haue not men enow, but wee must entertaine euery butterbore: but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, fore God if my master follow your counsell hee le consume little beefe, he shall be glad of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. More God a proper man, and I warrant a fine

workeman: Master farewell, dame adue, if such a man as he cannot finde worke, Hodge is not for you. *Offer to goe.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. Faith and your fore man goe dame you must take a iourney to sirke a new Iourney-man, if Roger remoue, Firke followes, if Saint Hughes bones shall not be set a worke, I may pricke mine awle in the wals, and goe play: fare ye well master, God buy dame.

Eyre. Tarrie my fine Hodge, my briske foreman, stay Firke, peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Ludgate I loue my men as my life, peace you gallimaufrey, Hodge if he want worke I hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to vs.

Lacy. Goeden dach miester, end v vro oak.

Firke. Nailes if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choak, & you friend Oake are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Yaw, yaw, ich bene den skoomaker.

Firke. Den skoomaker quoth a, and hearke you skoomaker, haue you all your tooles, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your foure sort of Aules, and your two balles of wax, your paring knife, your hand and thum-leathers, and good Saint Hughes bones to smooth your worke.

Lacy. Yaw, yaw, be niet vor veard, ik hab all de dingen, voor mack skoes groot and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, good master hire him, he'll make me laugh so that I shall worke more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heare you friend, haue you any skill in the mystery of Cordwainers?

Lacy. Ick weet niet wat you seg ich verstaw you niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ich verste vniet, quoth a.

Lacy. Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat well doen.

Firke. Yaw yaw, he speakes yawning like a Iack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheese curds, O he'll giue a villanous pull at a Can of double beere, but Hodge, and I haue the vantage, we must drinke first, because we are the eldest Iourney-men.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans, Hans, Meulter.

Eyre. Giue me thy hand, thou art welcome, Hodge, enter-

taine

faine him, Firke bid him welcome, come Hans, run wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine mens breakfasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellowes, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Gyant.

Firke. Yea, and drunk with wert thou Gargantua, my master keepes no Cowards, I tell thee: hoe, boy, bring him an hee-blocke, here's a new Journeyman.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. O ich verste you, ich moet een haine dossen Cans betalen: here boy nempt dis skilling, tap oens freelicke.

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away Firke, scowre thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castillian liquour. *Enter Boy.* Cousin my last of the flues, giue me a Can, haue to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firke, drinke you mad Greekes, and worke like true Troyans, and pray for Symon Eyre the Shoomaker, here Hans and th'art welcome.

Firke. Le dame, you would haue lost a good fellow that will teach vs to laugh, this beere came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost seuen.

Eyre. Ile so dame clapper dudgeon, ile seuen a clocke, and my mens breakefast not readie: tup and goe you sowst cungar, away, come you mad Hiperboreans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firke, to worke to worke a while, and then to breakefast. *Exit.*

Firke. Soft, yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master haue no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to goe behinde you, I being the elder Journeyman. *Exeunt Hollowing within.* *Enter Warner, and Hammon, like hunters.*

Ham. Colen, beat euery brake, the game's not farre,
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilst the persuing hounds scenting his steps,
Find out his high way to destruction.
Besides, the Millers boy told me euen now,
He saw him take toile and he followed him:

Affirming him so embost,
That long he could not hold,

Warner. If it be so,
Tis best we trace these meddowes by Old-Ford.

A noise of hunters within, enter a Boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Déere? speake, saw'st thou him.

Boy. O yea, I saw him leape through a hedge, and then ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Mayors pale ouer he skipt me, and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy, there boy, but there he is a mine honestie,

Hammon. Boy God a mercie, Cosen let's away,
I hope I shall finde better sport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Rose and Sibill.

Rose. Why Sibill, wilt thou proue a Forrester?

Sibill. Upon some no, Forrester goe by: no faith mistris, the Déere came running into the Barne, through the Orchard and ouer the pale, I wot well, I look't as pale as a new cheese to sée him, but whip saies goodman Pinclose vp with his flaile, and our Nicke with a prong, and downe he fell, and they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth we had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat we cut, flead him, vnhorned him, and my Lord Mayor shall eat of him anon when he comes.

Hornes sound within.

Rose. Heark, heark, the hunters come, y'are best take héed,
They'l haue a saying to you for this déed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and Boy.

Ham. God saue you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies? O grosse!

War. Came not a Bucke this way?

Rose. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they? faith wée'll hunt at those.

Sibill. At those? vpon some no: when, can you tell?

War. Upon some, I.

Sibill. Good Lord.

War. Zounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy

Boy. This way sir he ran.
Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Pistris Rose,
Our game was lately in your Orchard seene.
War. Can you advise which way he tooke his flight?
Sibill. Follow your nose, his hornes will guide you right.
War. Th'art a mad wench.
Sibill. Prich!
Rose. Trust me, not I,
It is not like that the wilde forrest Deere,
Would come so neere to places of resort,
You are deceiv'd, he fled some other way.
War. Which way my sugar candy, can you shew?
Sibill. Come up good honisops, upon some no.
Rose. Why doe you stay and not pursue your game?
Sibill. I'le hold my life their hunting-nags be lame.
Ham. A deere, more deere is found within this place.
Rose. But not the Deere (sir) which you had in chace.
Ham. I chac'd the Deere, but this Deere chaseth me.
Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see,
But where's your parke?

She offers to goe away.

Ham. Tis here: O stay.
Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.
War. They wrangle wench, we are more kinde than they.
Sibill. What kinde of heart is that (deere heart) you seeke?
War. A Hart, deere heart.
Sibill. Who ever saw the like?
Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?
Ham. My heart is lost,
Rose. Alacke good Gentleman.
Ham. This poore lost heart would I wish you might finde.
Rose. You by such lucke might prove your Hart a Hind.
Ham. Why Lucke had hornes, so have I heard some say?
Rose. Now God and't be his will send lucke into your way.

Enter L. Mayor and seruants.

L. Ma. What M. Hammon, welcome to Old-Ford.
Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, here's my Lord.
L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

Ham. Tis true my Lord.

L. Mayor. I am sory for the same.
What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. Y'are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Untill you haue refresht your wearied limbes.
Goe Sibill couer the boord, you shall be guest
To no good cheere, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship: Cosen, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall finde a wife. Exeunt.

L. Ma. In gentlemen, I'le not be absent long,
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A Citizen by birth, fairely allide,
How fit a husband were he for my girle?
Well, I will in, and doe the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman, Exit.

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen from Candy is alwol, by Gots sacrament, van sugar, ciuet, almond, Cambricke, end alle dingen towsand towsand ding, nempt it Hans, nempt it vor v mæster, daer be de bills van laden, your master Symon Eyre sal hae good copen, wat seggen yow Hans.

Firke. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, flopen, laugh Hodge laugh.

Lacy. Mine lieuer broder Firke, bringt mæster Eyre lot det signe vn swannekin, dare sall you finds dis skipper end me, wat seggen yow broder Firke? doot it Hodge, come Skipper. Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you, here's no knauerie, to bring my master to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a bable Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is Firke, that the Marchant owner of the Ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this Skipper that deales for him, for the loue he beares to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargaine in the commodities, he shall haue a reasonable

nable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firke. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hodge. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be Firke. harke, they gingle in my pocket like S. Mary Overies bells.

Enter Eyre and his Wife.

Firke. Mum, here comes my Dame and my Master, she'll scold on my life, for loytering this Monday, but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You sing sir sauce, but I beshrew your heart, I feare for this your singing we shall smart.

Firke. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hodge. Master, I hope yowle not suffer my dame to take downe your Journeymen.

Firke. If she take me downe, Ile take her vp, yea and take her downe too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, euery haire whereof I value at a kings ransome, she shall not meddle with you, peace you bumbast-cotten-candle queane, away Nuéene of Clubs, quarrell not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firke, Ile strike you if you doe.

Wife. Yea yea man, you may vse me as you please: but let that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanish away: peace, am not I Simon Eyre? are not these my braue men? braue Shoomakers, all gentlemen of the Gent'e Craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the sole sonne of a Shoomaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchinstuffe.

Wife. Yea, yea, 'tis well, I must be call'd rubbish, kitchinstuffe, for a sort of knaues.

Firke. Nay dame, you shall not wéeps and waile in woe for me: master Ile stay no longer, here's an enuentory of my shop tooles: adue master, Hodge farewell.

Hodge. Nay stay Firke, thou shalt not goe alone.

Wife. I pray let thou goe, there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fooles than Firke.

Firke.

Firke. Foules ? nailes if I tarrie now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

Hod. Andif I stay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at: come Firke.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle tattles word make you forsake Symon Eyre? auaunt Kitchinstuffe, trippe you browne-bread trunkin, out of my sight, misse me not, haue not I tane you from selling Tripes in Gallicheape, and set you in my shop, and make you haile fellow with Simon Eyre the Shoomaker: and now doe you deale thus with my Journey-men? Loke you powder-beefe Queane on the face of Hodge: here's a face for a Lord.

Firke. And here's a face for any Lady in Christendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, auaunt boy, bid the Maister of the Bores head fill me a dozen Cannes of beere for my iourneymen.

Firke. A dozen Cannes: O braue Hodge now I'le stay.

Eyre. And the knaue fills any more than two, he payes for them: a dozen Cannes of beere for my Journey-men, here you mad Mesopotamians, wash your liuers with this liquour, where be the odds ten? no more Badge, no more, well said, drinke? to worke: what worke dost thou Hodge? what worke?

Hodge. I am making a paire of shoes for my Lord Mayors daughter, mistris Rose.

Firke. And I a paire of shoes for Sibill my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. Sibill? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the feet of kitchingstuffe, and basking ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling, put grosse worke to Hans: yarke and seame: yarke and seame.

Firke. For yarking and seaming let me alone, I come to't.

Hodge. Well maister, all this is from the bias, doe you remember the Ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Shipper and he are both drinking at the Swan: here be the Portugues to giue earnest, if you goe thorow with it, you cannot chuse but be a Lord at least.

Firke.

Firke. May dame, if my maſter proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

Wife. Yea like enough, if you may loyter and tipple thus.

Firke. Tipple Dame? no we haue bene bargaining with Skellum Scanderbag: can you Dutch ſpeaken, for a Shippe of Silke Cipreſſe, laden with Sugar Candy.

Enter the boy with a veluet coat, and an Aldermans gowne, Eyre puts it on.

Eyre. Peace Firke, ſilence tittle tattle: Hodge, I'le goe thorow with it, here's a ſeale ring and I haue ſent for a garded gowne and a damaſke caſocke, ſee where it comes, loke here Maggy, helpe me Firke, apparell me Hodge, ſilke and ſatten you mad Philiſtines, ſilke and ſatten.

Firke. Ha, ha, my Maſter will be as proud as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damaſke and veluet.

Eyre. Softly Firke, for rearing of the nap, and wearing thread-bare my garments; how doſt thou like me Firke? how doe I loke my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why now you loke like your ſelfe maſter, I warrant you, there's few in the Citie, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right Worſhipfull.

Firke. Nailes my Maſter lokes like a thread-bare clocke new turn'd, and dreſt: Lord, Lord, to ſee what good rainment doth: dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyre. How ſaiſt thou Maggy, am I not briſk: am I not fine?

Wife. Fine: by my troth ſweet heart very fine: by my troth I neuer likt thee ſo well in my life ſweet heart. But let that paſſe, I warrant there be many women in the Citie haue not ſuch handſome huſbands, but onely for their apparell, but let that paſſe too. Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day meeſter, dis be de ſkipper dat heb de ſkip van marchandize, de commodity ben good, nempt it meeſter, nempt it.

Eyre. God a mercy Hans, welcome Skipper, where lies this ſhip of merchandize?

Skip. De ſkip bene in rouere: dor be van ſugar, cinit, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towſand towſand tings, Gots ſacrament, nempt it meeſter, ye ſal hab good copen.

Firke. To him master, O sweet master, O sweet wares, Prunes, Almonds, Suger-candy, Carret roots, Turnips, O braue fatting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your selfe.

Eyre. Peace Firke, come Skipper, I'le goe aboord with you, Hans haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunke.

Eyre. Come Hans, follow me Skipper, thou shalt haue my countenance in the City. Exeunt.

Firke. Yaw heb veale ge drunke, quotha: they may well be called butter-bores, when they drinke fat veale, and thicke beere too: but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no more.

Wife. No faith Firke, no perdy Hodge, I doe feele honour creepe vpon me, and which is more, a certaine rising in my flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh doe you feele you say? I, you may be with childe, but why should not my master feele a rising in his flesh, hauing a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are such a shrew, youle some pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, prethee peace, thou mak'st my worship laugh, but let that passe: come I'le goe in Hodge, prethee goe before me, Firke follow me.

Firke. Firke doth follow, Hodge passe out in state. Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lin. How now good Dodger, what's the newes in France?

Dodger. My Lord, vpon the eightenth day of May,
The French and English were prepared to fight,
Each side with eager furie gaue the signe,
Of a most hot encounter, fiue long houres
Both armies fought together: at the length
The lot of victorie fell on our sides,
Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,
Foure thousand English, and no man of name,
But Captaine Hyam, and young Ardington,
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But Dodger, prethee tell me in this fight,
How did my cozen Lacy beare himselfe?

Dod. My Lord your cozen Lacy was not there.

Lin. Not there? Dod. No, my good Lord.

Lin.

Lin. Sure thou misakest,
I saw him shipt, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesse of the farewells which he gaue,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adew:
Dodger take heed.

Dod. My Lord I am aduis'de
That what I speake is true: to proue it so,
His cozen Askew that supplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might conuey himselfe hither.

Lin. It's euen so,
Dares he so carelesselly venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King?
Hath he dispis'd my loue, and spurnd those fauoures
Which I with prodigall hand powred on his head?
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,
Since of my leue he makes no estimate,
I'le make him wish he had not knowne my hate,
Thou hast no other newes?

Dod. None else, my Lord.

Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the King
To crowne his giddie browes with ample honours.
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be dasht? but tis in vaine to grieue,
One euill cannot a worse relieue:
Upon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that fawnd vpon him so,
Loue to that puling girle, his faire cheekt Rose,
The Lord Mayors daughter hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that loues lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himselfe, consum'd his credit,
Lost the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife:
Dodger, it is so.

Dod. I feare so my good Lord.

Lin. It is so, nay sure it cannot be.
I am at my wits end Dodger.

Dod. Yea my Lord.

Lin. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy paines, go seeke him out,
Watch at my Lord Mayors, there (if he liue)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him:
Prethee be diligent. Lacy thy name
Liu'd once in honour, now dead in shame:
Be circumspect. Exit.
Dod. I warrant you my Lord. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scot.

L.Ma. God master Scot, I haue bene bold with you,
To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,
Betwixt young master Hammon and my daughter.
O stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so?
No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,
Apparant likelyhoods of flatterie,
Pray now let goe my hand.
Ham. Sweet mistris Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule
Sweares that I loue thee deerer than my heart.
Rose. As deere as your owne heart? I iudge it right,
Men loue their hearts best when th'are out of sight.
Ham. I loue you by this hand.
Rose. Yet hands off now:
If flesh be fraile, how weake and frail's your vow?
Ham. Then by my life I sweare.
Rose. Then doe not brawle,
One quarrell loseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus?
Ham. In faith you iest.
Rose. Loue loues to sport, therefore leaue loue y'are best.
L.Ma. What? square they master Scot?
Scot. Sir neuer doubt,
Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.
Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fansying me,
Nay neuer turne aside, shun not my sight,

I am

I am not glorious so fond, to fond my loue
On any that shall quit it with disdaine,
If you will loue me, so: if not, farewell.
L.Ma. Why how now louers, are you both agrèd?
Ham. Yes faith my Lord. (daughter.
L.Ma. Tis well, giue me your hand, giue me yours
How now, both pull backe, what meanes this, Girle?
Rose. I meane to liue a maid.
Ham. But not to die one, pawse ere that be said. aside.
L.Ma. Will you still crosse me? still be obstinate?
Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can liue an happy virgins life,
Tis farre more blessed than to be a wife.
Rose. Say sir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband tis not you.
L.Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but M. Hammon know,
I bad you welcome to another end.
Ham. What, would you haue me pule, and pine, and pray,
With lowely Lady mistris of my heart,
Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
Kayling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart?
Or shall I vndertake some martiall sporte,
Wearing your gloue at Turney, and at Tilt,
And tell how many gallants I vnhorst,
Sweet, will this pleasure you?
Rose. Yes, when wilt begin?
What loue-rimes man? fie on that deadly sinne.
L.Ma, If you will haue her, I'le make her agrée.
Ham. Enforced loue is worse than hate to me,
There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I seeke,
I haue enough, and will prefer her loue
Before the world: my good Lord Mayor adew,
Old loue for me, I haue no lucke with new. Exit.
L.Ma. Now mammet you haue well behau'd your selfe,
But you shall curse your coynesse if I liue:
Who's within there? see you conuey your mistris
Straight to th'old Ford, I'le keepe you straighte enough,

For God I would have sworne the puling girle
Would willingly accept Hammons love,
But banish him my thoughts, goe minion in. Exit Rose.
Now tell me master Scot, would you have thought
That master Simon Eyre the Shoomaker
Had bene of wealth to buy such merchandize?
Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour, and my selfe,
Grew partners with him, for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyres gaines in one commoditie
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,
Besides like gaine in other merchandize.
L.Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
For I have sent for him to the Guild Hall, Enter Eyre.
See where he comes: good morrow master Eyre.
Eyre. Poore Simon Eyre, my Lord, your Shoomaker.
L.Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to terme you so.
Enter Dodger.
Now M. Dodger what's the newes with you?
Dod. I'de gladly speake in private to your Honour.
L.Ma. You shall, you shall: master Eyre, and M. Scot,
I have some businesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreate you to walke before
To the Guild hall, I'le follow presently,
Master Eyre, I hope ere none to call you Sherife.
Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me
King of Spaine, come master Scot. Exeunt.
L.Ma. Now master Dodger, what's the newes you bring?
Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your Lordship,
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where his nephew Lacy keepes.
L.Ma. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?
Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguis'd
Lurkes here in London.
L.Ma. London? ist euen so?
It may be; but vpon my faith and soule,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne: lurke in London?
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,

Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
Ile giue you a dosen angels for your paines,
So much I loue his honor, hate his nephew,
And prethee so informe thy Lord from me.

Dod. I take my leaue. Exit Dodger.

L. Ma. Farewell good M. Dodger.
Lacy's in London I dare pawne my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,
Denied young Master Hammon in his loue,
Well, I am glad I sent her to old Ford,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild hall I must hie,
I know my brethren lacke my compame. Exit.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans, Roger.

Wife. Thou goest to fall for me Roger, M Firke.

Firke. I forsoth.

Wife. I pray thee run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband M. Eyre will take that worshipfull vocation of M. Sherife vpon him, hie thee good Firke.

Firke. Take it: well I goe, and he should not take it, Firke sweares to forsweare him, yes forsoth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when: th'art two compendious and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how like a new Cartwheele my dame speakes, and she lookes like an old musky Ale-bottle going to scalding.

Wife. Nay when: thou wilt make me melancholly.

Firke. God forbid your Worship should fall into that humour; I run. Exit.

Wife. Let me see now Roger and Hans.

Ro. I forsoth dame, (quoth I should say) but the old terme so stickes to the roofe of my mouth, I can hardly licke it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt good Roger, Dame is a faire name for my honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost thou Hans?

Hans. We tanck you vro.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger, you see God hath blest your master, and perdie if euer he come to be M. Sherife of London, (as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some odde

odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not be your backe friend, but let that passe, Hans, pray thee tie my shoe.

Hans. Yaw il sal vro.

Wife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, prethee let me haue a paire of shoes made, Corke good Roger, wooden heele too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou not acquainted with neuer a Fardingale-maker, nor a French-hood-maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hood I wonder, perdie odly I thinke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pillory, very well I warrant you Mistresse.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good haire?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious street.

Wife. Thou art an vngracious wag, perdye, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall haue the shauings of it, but mine are all true haires.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Fie vpon it, how costly this worlds calling is, perdy, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deale with it: is not Firke come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship saies.

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot see you so.

Roger. Mistris, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie vpon it Roger, perdy, these filthy tobaco pipes are the most idle slauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God blesse vs, men looke not like men that vse them.

Enter Rafe being lame.

Roger. What fellow Rafe? Mistresse looke here, Ianes husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much of him, he's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Souldier.

Hans. You be welcom broder.

Wife.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, how doſt thou good Rafe? I am glad to ſee thee well.

Rafe. I would God you ſaw me dame as well,
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Truſt me I am ſorry Rafe to ſee thee impotent, Lord how the warres haue made him Sun-burnt: thy left leg is not well, 'twas the faire gift of God, the infirmitie tooke not hold a little higher, conſidering thou camſt from France, but let that paſſe.

Rafe. I am glad to ſee you well, and I reioyce
To heare that God hath bleſt my maſter ſo
Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truely Rafe, I thanke my maker: but let that paſſe.

Rog. And ſirra Rafe, what newes, what newes in France?

Rafe. Tell me good Roger firſt what newes in England? How does my Iane? when didſt thou ſee my wife?
Where liues my poore heart? ſheele be poore indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbs? haſt thou not hands man? thou ſhalt neuer ſee a ſhoomaker want bread, though he haue but three fingers on a hand.

Rafe. Yet all this while I heare not of my Iane.

Wife, O Rafe your wife, perdie we know not what's become of her: ſhe was here a while, and becauſe ſhe was married, grew more ſtately than became her, I checkt her, and ſo forth, away ſhe flung, neuer returned, nor ſaid bib nor bab: and Rafe you know, ha me, ha thee, And ſo as I tell ye. Roger is not Firke come yet?

Roger. No forſooth.

Wife. And ſo indeed we heard not of her, but I heare ſhe liues in London: but let that paſſe. If ſhe had wanted, ſhe might haue opened her caſe to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am ſure there is not any of them perdie, but would haue done her good to his power. Hans, looke if Firke be come. Exit Hans.

Hans. Yaw it ſal be.

Wife. And ſo as I ſaid: but Rafe, why doſt thou weepe?

thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers wombe, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, Iane is a stranger here, but Rafe pull vp a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man is in London, one told me he saw her awhile agoe very braue and neat, weele ferret her out, an London hold her.

Wife. Alas poore soule, he's ouer-come with sorrow, he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing: but Rafe, get thee in, call for some meat and drinke, thou shalt finde me worshipfull towards thee.

Rafe. I thanke you Dame, since I want limbs and lands, I'le trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. Exit.

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O Mistris; Hodge heaue vp thine eares, Mistris snugge vp your lookes, on with your best apparell, my Master is chosen, my Master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Countrie to be Sherife of the Citie, for this famous yeare now to come: and time now being, a great many men in blacke gownes were askt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his eares presently, and they cried, I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieue, I doe salute you Mistris Shrieue.

Hans. Yaw, my meester is de goot man, de Shrieue.

Roger. Did not I tell you mistris, now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. God morrow good Roger, I thanke you my good people all, Firke, hold vp thy hand, here's a three-pennie piece for thy tydings.

Firke. 'Tis but three halfe pence, I thinke: yes 'tis three pence I smell the Rose.

Hodge. But mistris, be rul'd by me, and doe not speake so pudingly.

Firke. 'Tis her worship speakes so; not she, no faith mistris speake me in the old key, to it Firke, there good Firke, ply your

businesse Hodge, Hodge with a full mouth: I'le fill your bellies with good cheere till they crie twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. See mine lieuer broder, here compt my meester.

Wife. Welcome home master Shrieue, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here my Maggy, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a Lady, here's a French-hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee looke louely: where be my fine men? Roger, I'le make ouer my shop and tooles to thee: Firke, thou shalt be the fore-man: Hans, thou shalt haue an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaues as your master Sim Eyre hath beene, and you shall liue to be Sherifes of London: how dost thou like me Margerie? Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, Firke, Hodge, and Hans.

All 3. I forsooth, what saies your worship mistris Sherife?

Eyre. Worship and honour ye Babilonian knaues, for the Gentle Craft: but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden to my Lord Mayor to dinner to old Foord, he's gone before, I must after: come Madge, on with your trinkets: now my true Troians, my fine Firke, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some deuice, some odde crochets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the Gentlemen Shoomakers, meet me at old Foord, you know my minde. Come Madge away, shut vp the shop knaues, and make Holiday. Exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O braue, come Hodge, follow me Hans, We'le be with them for a Morris dance. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French-hood, Sibill, and other Seruants.

L.Mayor. Trust me you are as welcome to old Foord, as my selfe.

Wife. Truely I thanke your Lordship.

L.Mayor. Would our bad cheere were worth the thankes you giue.

Eyre. Good cheere my Lord Mayor, fine cheere, a fine house, fine walles, all fine and neat.

L.Ma. Now by my troth, I'le tell thee master Eyre,
It does me good and all my Brethren,
That such a mad-cap sellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord hée must learne now to put on grauitie.

Eyre. Peace Maggy a fig for grauitie, when I goe to Guild-Hall in my Scarlet gowne, I'le looke as demurely as a Saint, and speake as gracely as a Iustice of Peace, but now I am here at old Ford, at my good Lord Mayors house, let it goe by, vanish Maggy, I'le be merry, away with flip flap, these fooleties, these gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I none, yet am Princely borne: what sayes my Lord Mayor?

L.Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound, I had an heart but halfe so light as yours.

Eyre. Why what should I doe my Lord? a pound of care payes not a dram of debt: hum, let's be merry while we are young, old Age sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we be aware.

L.Ma. It's well done, Mistris Eyre, pray giue good counsell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistris Rose will haue the grace to take nothing that's bad.

L.Ma. Pray God she doe, for ifaith mistris Eyre,
I would bestow vpon that péeuish girle
A thousand markes more than I meane to giue her,
Vpon condition she be rul'd by me.
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late,
A proper gentleman of faire reuenewes,
Whom gladly I would call Sonne in law:
But my fine Cockney would haue none of him,
You'le proue a Cockscombe for it ere you die,
A Courtier or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. Be rul'd swéet Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marrie not with a boy that has no more haire on his face than thou hast on thy chéekes: a Courtier, wash, goe by, stand not vpon pisherie, pasherie; those silken fellowes are but painted Images, outsides, outsides Rose, their inner linings are torne:

no

no my fine mouse, marrie me with a Gentleman Groter like my Lord Mayor your father, a Groter is a fweet trade, plums, plums: had I a ſonne or daughter ſhould marrie out of the generation and bloud of the Shoomakers, he ſhould pack: what, the gentle trade is a liuing for a man thorow Europe, thorow the world.

A noiſe within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L.Ma. What noiſe is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Mayor, a crue of good fellowes that for loue to your honour, are come hither with a Morriſdance; come in my Meſopotamians cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raſe, Firke, and other Shoomakers in a morris: after a little dancing the Lord Mayor ſpeakes.

L.Ma. Maſter Eyre, are all theſe Shoomakers?

Eyre. All Corduainers my good Lord Mayor.

Roſe. How like my Lacy lookes yond Shoomaker.

Hans. O that I durſt but ſpeake vnto my loue!

L.Ma. Sibill, goe fetch ſome wine to make theſe drinke, You are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordſhip.

Roſe takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Roſe. For his ſake whoſe faire ſhape thou repreſenteſt, Good friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. Ic be dancke good trifter.

Wife. I ſee miſtris Roſe you doe not want iudgement, you haue drunke to the propereſt man I keepe.

Firke. Here be ſome haue done their parts to be as proper as he.

L.Ma. Well, vrgent buſineſſe cals me backe to London: Good fellowes firſt go in and taſt our cheare, And to make merrie as you homeward goe, Spend theſe two angels in beere at Stratford Woe.

Eyre. To theſe two (my mad lads) Simon Eyre adds another, then cheerily Firke, tickle it Hans, and all for the honour of Shoomakers.

All goe dancing out.

L.Ma. Come maister Eyre, let's haue your company. Exeunt.

Rose. Sibill what shall I doe?

Sibill. Why what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoomaker is my loue Lacy,
Disguis'd in that attire to finde me out,
How should I finde the meanes to speake with him?

Sib. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my maydenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman when we come to London, shall not onely see and speake with you, but in spight of all your Fathers polices, steale you away and marrie you, will not this please you?

Rose. Doe this, and euer be assured of my loue.

Sibill. Away then, and follow your Father to London,
Lest your absence cause him to suspect something:
To morrow if my counsell be obaide,
I'le binde you prentise to the gentle trade.

Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hammon muffled at another dore, he stands aloofe.

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my faire loue sits,
She's faire and louely, but she is not mine,
O would she were, thrice haue I courted her,
Thrice hath mine hand bene moistned with her hand,
Whilst my poore famisht eyes doe fed on that
Which made them famish: I am infortunate,
I still loue one, yet no bodie loues me,
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want: fine mistris Rose was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And for she thinkes me wanton, she denies
To cheare my cold heart with her sunny eyes,
How prettily she workes, oh pretie hand!
Oh happy worke, it doth me good to stand
Vnseene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frosty euenings, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, onely to eye her,
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a kings crowne, such is loues lunacie:

Muffled

muffled I'le paſſe along, and by that try
Whether ſhe know me.
Iane. Sir, what ill you buy?
What ill you lacke ſir? callico, or lawne,
Fine cambricke ſhirts, or bands, what will you buy?
Ham. That which thou wilt not ſell, faith yet I'le trie:
How doe you ſell this handkercher?
Iane. Good cheape.
Ham. And how theſe ruffes?
Iane. Cheape too.
Ham. And how this band?
Iane. Cheape too.
Ham. All cheape, how ſell you then this hand?
Iane. My hands are not to be ſold.
Ham. To be giuen then, nay faith I come to buy.
Iane. But none knowes when.
Ham. Good ſweet leaue worke a little while, let's play.
Iane. I cannot liue by keeping holliday.
Ham, I'le pay you for the time which ſhall be loſt.
Iane. With me you ſhall not be at ſo much coſt.
Ham. Loke how you wound this cloth, ſo you wound me.
Iane. It may be ſo.
Ham. 'Tis ſo.
Iane. What remedy?
Ham. Nay faith you are too coy.
Iane. Let goe me hand.
Ham. I will doe any taſke at your command,
I would let go this beautie, were I not
In minde to diſobey you by a power
That controules kings: I loue you.
Iane. So, now part.
Ham. With hands I may, but neuer with my heart,
In faith I loue you.
Iane. I beléeue you doe.
Ham. Shall a true loue in me breed hate in you?
Iane. I hate you not.
Ham. Then you muſt loue.
Iane. I doe, what are you better now? I loue not you.

Ham.

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,
That meanes come to me, when she cries, away:
In earnest mistris I do not iest,
A true chast loue hath entred in my brest,
I loue you dearely as I do my life,
I loue you as a husband loues a wife,
That, and no other loue my loue requires,
Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
Thirst not for gold (swet beautious Iane) what's mine,
Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,
Say, iudge, what is thy sentence, life, or death?
Mercie or cruelties lies in thy breath.

Iane. God sir I doe beleeue you loue me well:
For tis a seely conquest, seely pride,
For one like you (I meane a Gentleman)
To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:
I thinke you doe not so, yet many doe,
And make it euen a very trade to woe:
I could be coy, as many women be,
Fed you with Sun-shine smiles, and wanton lookes,
But I detest witch-craft: say that I
Doe constantly beleeue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why doest thou not beleeue me?

Iane. I beleeue you,
But yet god sir, because I will not greeue you,
With hopes to taste fruit which will neuer fall,
In simple truth this is the summe of all,
My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
Prest was he to those bitter warres in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I haue but one heart, and that heart is his due.
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he liues his I liue, be it neere so poore,
And rather be his wife, than a Kings whore.

Ham. Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse,
Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?

Iane.

Iane. Rafe Damport.

Ham. Damport, her's a letter ſent
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
A Gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that haue beene ſlaine in euery fight.

Iane. I hope deaths ſcrowle containes not my loues name.

Ham. Can you read?

Iane. I can.

Ham. Peruſe the ſame.
To my remembrance ſuch a name I read
Amongſt the reſt: ſee here.

Iane. Ay me, he's dead,
He's dead, if this be true my deare hearts ſlaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare loue.

Iane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Nay ſweet Iane,
Make not poore ſorrow proud with theſe rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death becauſe thou mournſt.

Iane. That bill is forgde, tis ſigned by forgerie.

Ham. I'le bring thee letters ſent beſides too many
Carrying the like report: Iane tis too true,
Come, weepe not: mourning though it riſe from loue,
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Iane. For Gods ſake leaue me.

Ham. Whither doſt thou turne?
Forget the dead, loue them that are aliue,
His loue is faded, trie how mine will thriue.

Iane. 'Tis now no time for me to thinke on loue.

Ham. 'Tis now beſt time for you to thinke on loue, becauſe your loue liues not.

Iane. Though he be dead, my loue to him ſhall not be buried,
For Gods ſake leaue me to my ſelfe alone.

Ham. I'would kill my ſoule to leaue thee drowned in mone:
Anſwer me to my ſute, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.

Iane. No.

Ham. Then farewell, one farewell will not ſerue, I come againe, come drie theſe wet cheekes, tell me faith ſweet

Iane, yea or no, once more.

Iane. Once more I say no, once more be gone I pray, else will I goe.

Ham. Nay then I will grow rude, by this white hand,
Untill you change that cold no, here I'le stand,
Till by you hard heart

Iane. Nay for Gods love peace,
My sorrows by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all griefe
Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
Thus much I say, and saying bid adew,
If ever I wed man it shall be you.

Ham. Oh blessed voice, deare Iane, I'le urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Iane. Death makes me poore, Exeunt.

Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans, and a boy at worke.

All. Hey downe, a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to day, wee loytred yesterday, to it pell mell, that we may live to be Lord Mayors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said i faith, how saist thou Hans, doth not Firke tickle it?

Hans. Yaw wæster.

Firke. Not so neither, my Organ pipe squeakes this morning for want of liquoring: hey downe a downe dery.

Hans. Forward Firke, tow best vn iolly yongster hort I mester it bid yo cut me vn paire vanpers vor mester Effres bwts.

Hodge. Thou shalt Hans.

Firke. Master.

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firke. Pray, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut me out a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will not passe currant, hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Tell me sirs, are my cozen Priscillas shoes done?

Firke. Your cozen? no master, one of your aunts, hang her let them alone.

Rafe.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, she gaue charge that none but I should doe them for her.

Firke. Thou doe for her? then 'twill be but a lame doing, and that she loues not: Rafe, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue yearkt and firkt your Precilla, hey downe a downe derry, this geere will not hold.

Hodge. How saist thou Firke? were we not merry at Old-Ford?

Firke. How merry? why our buttockes went Iiggy Ioggy like a quagmire: well sir Roger Oatemeale, if I thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing but Wagpuddings.

Rafe. Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had the best.

Firke 'Tis true, because mistris Rose dranke to him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say seuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sicke.

Firke. I care not, I'le be none,

Rafe. Nor I, but then my M. Eyre will come quickly to be Lord Mayor. Enter Sibill.

Firke. Whoope, yonder comes Sibill.

Hodge. Sibill, welcome i'faith, and how dost thou madde wench?

Firke. Sib, whore, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet Firke: good Lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you haue got, you tickle it i'faith.

Rafe. God a mercy Sibill for our good cheere at old Ford.

Sibill. That you shall haue Rafe.

Firke. May by the masse, we had tickling cheere Sibill, and how the plague dost thou and mistris Rose, and my L. Mayor? I put the woman in sicke.

Sibill. Well Godamercy: but Gods me, I forget my selfe, where's Hans the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-box, now you must yelp out some spycken.

Hans. Wat begaie gon bat bod gon Frisker.

Sibill. Marrie you must come to my young Mistris, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. Har ben your egle fro, bare ben your mistris?

Sibill. Marrie here at our London house in Cornehill.

Firke. Will no body serue her turne but Hans?

Sibill. No sir, come Hans I stand vpon needles.

Hod. Why then Sibill take héed of pricking.

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a tricke in my budget, come Hans.

Hans. Yaw, yaw ic sall mæte you gane.

Exit Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. Goe Hans, make hast againe: come, who lackes worke?

Firke. I master, for I lacke my breakefast, 'tis munching time, and past.

Hodge. Ist so, why then leaue worke Rafe, to breakefast, boy looke to the toles, come Rafe, come Firke. Exeunt.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the Last in Towerstréet, mas yonders the house: what haw, who's within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe, Who calls there, what want you sir?

Ser. Marrie I would haue a paire of shoes made for a Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what can you doe them?

Rafe. Yes sir, you shall haue them, but what length's her foot.

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe, but at any hand faile not to doe them, for the Gentlewoman is to be married very earely in the morning.

Rafe. How by this shoe must it be made? by this? are you sure sir by this?

Ser. How, by this I am sure, by this art thou in thy wits? I tell thée I must haue a paire of shoes, dost thou marke me? a paire of shoes, two shoes made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to morrow morning by foure a clocke, dost thou vnderstand me, canst doe it?

Rafe. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shoe you say: I should know this shoe? yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watling stréet, enquire

quire for one maſter Hammon, a Gentleman, my maſter.

Rafe. Yea ſir, by this ſhoe you ſay.

Ser. I ſay maſter Hammon at the golden ball, he's the Bride-groome, and thoſe ſhoes are for his bride.

Rafe. They ſhall be done by this ſhoe; well, well, maſter Hammon at the golden ſhoe, I would ſay the golden ball, well, very well, but I pray you ſir, where muſt maſter Hammon be married?

Ser. At Saint Faith's Church vnder Pauls: but what's that to thee? prethee diſpatch thoſe ſhoes, and ſo farewell.

Exit.

Rafe. By this ſhoe ſaid he, how I am amazd
At this ſtrange accident? vpon my life,
This was the very ſhoe I gaue my wife
When I was preſt for France; ſince when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her: 'tis the ſame,
And Hammons bride no other than my Ione.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailes Rafe, thou haſt loſt thy part of three pots, a countrieman of mine gaue me to breakefaſt.

Rafe. I care not, I haue found a better thing.

Firke. A thing? away; is it a mans thing or a womans thing.

Rafe. Firke, doſt thou know this ſhoe?

Firke. No by my troth, neither doth that know me: I haue no acquaintace with it, 'tis a meere ſtranger to me.

Rafe. Why then I doe; this ſhoe I durſt be ſworne
Once cowred the inſtep of my Ione:
This is her ſize, her breadth, thus trod my Ione,
Theſe true-loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,
By this old ſhoe I ſhall finde out my wife.

Firke. Ha ha old ſhoe, that were new, how a murren came this ague fit of fooliſhneſſe vpon thee?

Rafe. Thus Firke, euen now here came a ſeruingman,
By this ſhoe would he haue a new paire made,
Againſt to morrow morning for his miſtris,
That's to be married to a Gentleman,
And why may not this be my ſweet Ione?

Firke. And why maiest not thou be my sweet Alle? ha, ha.

Rafe. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,
Against to morrow morning I'le prouide
A lusty crew of honest thomakers,
To watch the going of the bride to Church:
If she proue lane, I'le take her in despite
Of Ham non and the Deuill, were he by,
If it be not my lane, what remedy?
Hereof I am sure I shall liue till I die,
Although I neuer with a woman lie.

Firke. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates? Well, God sends fooles fortune, and it may be he may light vpon his matrimony by such a deuice, for wedding and hanging goes by destinie. Exeunt

Enter Hans and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How happie am I by embracing thee,
If I did feare such crosse mishaps did raigne,
That I should neuer see my Rose againe.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since faire opportunitie,
Offers her selfe to further our escape,
Let not too ouer-fond esteeme of me,
Hinder that happie houre, inuent the meanes,
And Rose will follow thee thorow all the world.

Hans. O how I surfet with excesse of ioy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection:
But since thou payst sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling loue on loue, let me once more
Like to a bold-fac'd debtor craue of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,
Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Mayor of London, and my master once,
Meete thou thy Lacy, where in spight of change,
Your fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistris? shift for your selfe, your father is at hand, he's comming, he's comming, master Lacy hide your selfe in my mistris, for Gods sake shift for your selues.

Hans.

Hans. Your father come, ſweet Roſe, what ſhall I doe?
Where ſhall I hide me? how ſhall I eſcape?
Roſe. A man and want wit in extremitie,
Come come, be Hans ſtill, play the ſhoomaker,
Pull on my ſhoe. Enter L. Maior.
Hans. Yas and that's well remembred.
Sibill. Here comes your father.
Hans. Foz ware metreſſe, 'tis vn good ſkow, it ſall bel dute, oz ye ſal niet bettallen.
Roſe. O God it pincheth me, what will you doe.
Hans. Your fathers preſence pincheth, not the ſhoe.
L. Ma. Well done, fit my daughter well, and ſhe ſhall pleaſe thée well.
Hans. Paw, paw, ick wiet dat well, foz ware tis vn good ſkow, tis gi mait van niets leither, ſe euer mine here.
Enter a Prentiſe.
L. Ma. I doe beléeue it, what's the newes, with you?
Pren. Pleaſe you the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is newly lighted, and would ſpeake with you.
L. Ma. The Earle of Lincolne come ſpeake with me?
Well, well, I know his errand, daughter Roſe
Send hence your ſhoomaker diſpatch, haue done:
Sib. make things handſome, ſir boy follow me. Exit.
Hans. My father come; O what may this portend?
Sweet Roſe, this of our loue threatens an end.
Roſe. Be not diſmaid at this, what ere befall,
Roſe is thine owne, to witneſſe I ſpeake truth,
Where thou appointſt the place, I'le méet with thée;
I will not fire a day to follow thée,
But preſently ſteale hence: doe not replie,
Loue which gaue ſtrength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our eſcape. Exeunt.
Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.
L. Ma. Beléeue me on my credit I ſpeake truth,
Since firſt your nephew Lacy went to France,
I haue not ſéene him: It ſeem'd ſtrange to me,
When Dodger told me that he ſtaied behinde,
Neglecting the high charge the King impoſed.

Lin.

Lin. Trust me (sir Roger Otley) I did thinke
Your counsell had giuen head to this attempt,
Drawne to it by the loue he beares your childe,
Here I did hope to finde him in your house,
But now I see mine error, and confesse
My iudgement wrong'd you by conceiuing so.

L.Ma. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,
I loue your nephew Lacy too too dearely,
So much to wrong his honour: and he hath done so,
That first gaue him aduice to stay from France.
To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know
How carefull I haue beene to keepe my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him,
Not that I scorne your nephew, but in loue
I beare your honour, lest your noble blood,
Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

Lin. How far the churles tongue wanders from his heart,
Well, well sir Roger Otley, I beleeue you,
With more than many thankes for the kinde loue,
So much you seeme to beare me: but my Lord,
Let me request your helpe to seeke my nephew,
Whom if I finde, I'le straight imbarke for France;
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my brest. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh Lord, helpe for Gods sake, my mistris, Oh my young mistris.

L.Ma. Where is thy mistris? what's become of her?

Sibill. She's gone she's fled.

L.Ma Gone? whither is she fled?

Sib. I know not forsoth, she's fled out of doores with Hans the Shoomaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace, apace.

L.Ma. Which way? what Iohn? where be my men? which waie.

Sib. I know not and it please your worship.

L.Ma. Fled with a shoomaker, can this be true?

Sib. O Lord sir, as true as you are Lord Mayor.

Lin. Her loue turnd shoomaker? I am glad of this.

L.Ma. A Flemming butter-box, a shoomaker.

Will

Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? scorn'd she young Hammon,
To loue an hommikin, a needy knaue?
Well let her sie, I'le not sie after her,
Let her starue if she will, she's none of mine.

Lin. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firke with shooes.

Sib. I am glad she's scapt.

L.Ma. I'le not account of her as my childe,
Was there no better obiect for her eyes,
But a foule drunken lubbery swill-bellie,
A shoomaker, that's braue.

Firke. Yea forsooth 'tis a very braue shoe, and as fit as a pudding.

L.Ma. How now, what knaue is this, from whence commest thou?

Firke. No knaue sir, I am Firke the shoomaker, lustie Rogers chiefe lusty iourneyman, and I come hither to take vp the prettie leg of sweet mistris Rose, and thus hoping that your worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours Firke.

L.Ma. Stay, stay, sir knaue.

Lin. Come hither shoomaker.

Firke, 'Tis happie the knaue is put before the shoomaker, or else I would not haue vouchsafed to come backe to you, I am moued, for I sirre.

L.Ma. My Lord, this villaine calls vs knaues by craft.

Firke. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knaue gently is no harme: sit your worship merrie: Sib your young mistris. I'le so bob them, now my master M. Eyre is Lord Maior of London.

L.Ma. Tell me sirra, whose man are you.

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no maw to this geere, no stomacke as yet to a red peticoat.

Pointing to Sibill.

Lin. He meanes not sir to woe you to this maid,
But onely doth demand whose man you are.

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my fellow is now my master.

Lin. Sirra, knowst thou one Hans a shoomaker?

Firke. Hans Shoomaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tell you what, I speake it in secret, mistris Rose and he are by this time, no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that Hans, I'le so gull these diggers.

L.Ma. Knowst thou then where he is?

Firke. Yes forsooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in sadnesse?

Firke. No forsooth, no marry.

L.Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what I'le bestow of thee.

Firke. Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I loue feeling, let me feele if here *aurium tenus* ten peeces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten peeces of siluer, and then Firke is your man in a new paire of stretchers.

L.Ma. Here is an angell part of thy reward,
Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray my brother: no: shall I proue Iudas to Hans? no: shall I crie treason to my corporation? no, I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell, your angell shall tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send sniuling Sib away.

L.Ma. Huswife get you in.

Firke. Pitchers haue eares, and maids haue wide mouthes: but for Hans praunce, vpon my word to morrow morning he and young mistris Rose goe to this geere, they shall be married together by this rush, or else turne Firke to a firkin of butter to tan leather withall.

L.Ma. But art thou sure of this?

Firke. Am I sure that Paules-steeple is a handfull higher than London stone? or that the pissing Conduit leakes nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lusbie Firke? 'snailes doe you thinke I am so base to gull you?

Lin.

Lincolne. Where are they married? doſt thou know the Church?

Firke. I neuer goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a ſwearing Church, ſtay a while, 'tis, I by the maſ: no, no 'tis, I by my troth, no nor that, 'tis I by my faith, that that, 'tis I by my faiths Church vnder Paules Croſſe, there they ſhall bee knit like a paire of ſtockins in matrimony, there they'le be in cony.

Lin. Vpon my life my Nephew Lacy walkes,
In the diſguiſe of this Dutch ſhoomaker.

Firke. Yes forſooth.

Lin. Doth he not honeſt ſhoomaker?

Firke. No forſooth I thinke Hans is no body but Hans, no ſpirit.

L.Ma. My minde miſgiues me now 'tis ſo indeed.

Lin. My cozen ſpeakes the language, knowes the trade.

L.Ma. Let me requeſt your company my Lord,
Your honourable preſence may, no doubt,
Reſtraine their head-ſtrong raſhneſſe, when my ſelfe
Going alone, perchance may be ore-borne:
Shall I requeſt this fauour?

Lin. This, or what elſe.

Firke. Then you muſt riſe betimes, for they meane to fall to their hey paſſe, and repaſſe, pindy pandy, which hand will you haue very early.

L.Ma. My care ſhall euery way equall their haſte,
This night accept your lodging in my houſe,
The earlier ſhall we ſtir, and at Saint Faiths
Preuent this giddie hare-braind Nuptiall,
This trafficke of hot loue ſhall yeeld cold gaines,
They ban our loues and wee'le forbid their baines. Exit.

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thouſaiſt?

Firke. Yes, by their troth.

Lin. Be ſecret on thy life. Exit.

Firke. Yet when I kille your wife, ha, ha, here's no craft in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpoſe with ſhoes to Sir Rogers worſhip, whilſt Roſe his daughter be cony-catcht by Hans: ſoft now, theſe two gulles will be at Saint Faiths

Church to morrow morning to take master Bridegrome and mistris Bride napping, and they in the meane time shall chop vp the matter at the Sauoy: but the best sport is, Sir Roger Otley will finde my fellow lame Rafes wife going to marrie a Gentleman: and then he'le stop her in stead of his Daughter; O braue, there will be fine tickling sport: soft now, what haue I to doe? O I know, now a messe of shoomakers meat at the Woll-sacke in Ivy lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame Rafes wife, that's true, alacke alacke, girles hold out tacke, for now smockes for this iumbling shall goe to wracke. Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happie or miserable, therefore if you ——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these &c ceteraes, by mine honour Rowland Lacy, none but the King shall wrong thee: come feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord Maior of London? feare nothing Rose, let them say all what they can, daintie come thou to me, laughest thou?

Wife. God my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my swart Lady Maggy, thinke you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch Journeyman? no bah. Fie I scorne it, it shall neuer be cast in my teeth, that I was vnthankefull. Lady Maggy, thou hadst neuer couered thy Sarasens head with this French flappe, nor loaden thy bumme with this farthingale, 'tis trash, trumperie, vanitie, Simon Eyre had neuer walkt in a red petticote, nor worne a chaine of Gold but for my fine Journeyman's Portigues, and shall I leaue him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a Princely minde.

Hans. My Lord, 'tis time to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Maggy, Lady Maggy, take two or three of my pie-crust eaters, my Buffe-ierkin varlets, that doe walke in blacke gownes at Simon Eyres heeles, take them good Ladie

Maggy

Maggy, trip and goe, my browne Queene of Periwigs, with my delicate Rose, and my iolly Rowland to the Sauoy, see them linkt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow Turtle Doues, Ile beare you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eate minc'd pies, and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and goe, my Lady Maggy to the Sauoy. Hans, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, goe vanish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make hast swæt loue.

Wife. Shæd faine the dæd were done.

Hans. Come my swæt Rose, faster than Dære wæ'll run.

Exeunt.

Eyre. Goe, vanish, vanish, auant I say: by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Mayor, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a carefull life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint Hugh. Soft, the King this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his Maiesty is welcome, he shall haue good cheere, delicate cheere, princely cheere. This day my fellow prentizes of London come to dine with me too, they shall haue fine cheere, gentle man like cheere. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all serued at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to be Mayor of London, I would feast them all, & I'le do't, I'le do't by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides I haue procured, that vpon euery Shrouetuesday at the sound of the Pancake bell, my fiue dapper Assirian lads shall clap vp their shop windowes, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall do't, they shall do't boyes, that day are you free, let maisters care, and prentizes shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit.

Enter Hodge, Frike, Rafe, and fiue or six Shoomakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge. Come Rafe, stand to it Firke: my maisters, as we are the braue bloods of the Shoomakers, heires apparant to Saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellowes: thou shalt haue no wrong: were Hammon a King of Spades, he should not delue in thy close without thy sufferance: but

tell me Rafe, art thou sure 'tis thy wife?

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I strokt on her shoes, I lookt upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, askt me if euer I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for his sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for that thou art somewhat like him, spend this peece of gold: I take it: my lame leg, and my trauell beyond sea made me vnknowne, all is one for that, I know she's mine.

Firke. Did she giue thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold: she's thine owne, 'tis thy wife, and she loues thee, for I'le stand to't, there's no woman will giue gold to any man, but she thinkes better of him than she thinkes of them she giues siluer to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Master Eyre Lord Mayor? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon, his man, and Iane, and others.

Hodge. Peace my bullies, ponder they come.

Rafe. Stand to't my hearts, Firke, let me speake first.

Hodge. No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Vnmannerly rude slaue, what's that to thee?

Firke. To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: good morrow Iane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God bethanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my loue?

All. Villaines: downe with them, cry clubs for prentizes.

Hodge. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more than that, we'le carrie her away with vs. My masters and gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spits, shoomakers are stout to the backe, men euery inch of them all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well and what of all this?

Hod. I'le shew you: Iane, dost thou know this man? 'tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him, fold him about the necke and kisse him.

Iane. Lives then my husband? oh God let me goe,
Let me embrace my Rafe.

Ham.

Ham. What meanes my Iane?

Iane. Nay what meant you, to tell me he was slaine?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled,
'Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seest he liues: Lasse, goe packe home with him: now M. Hammon, where's your mistris your wife?

Ser. S'wounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold sole: sirs he shall doe no wrong,
Will my Iane leaue me thus, and breake her faith?

Firke. Yes sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then? mend it.

Hodge. Hearke fellow Rafe, follow my counsell, set the wench in the middest, and let her chuse her man, and let her be his woman.

Iane. Whom should I chuse? whom should my thoughts (affect,
But him whom Heauen hath made to be my loue?
Thou art my husband, and these humble weedes,
Make thee more beautifull than all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And euer after be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge Iane, the Law's on our side, he that sowes in another mans ground forfeits his haruest, get thee home Rafe, follow him Iane, he shall not haue so much as a buske point from thee.

Firke. Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine owne, Hammon, looke not at her.

Ser. D'swounds no.

Firke. Blew coat be quiet, wel'e giue you a new Liuerie else, we'le make Shroue Tuesday Saint Georges day for you: looke not Hammon, leare not, I'le firke you, for thy head now, one glance, one sheepes eye, any thing at her, touch not a ragge, lest I and my brethren beate you to clowts.

Ser. Come maister Hammon, there's no striuing here.

Ham. Good fellowes, heare me speake: and honest Rafe,
Whom I haue iniurd most by louing Iane,

Marke

Marke what I offer thée: here in faire gold,
Is twentie pound, I'le giue it for thy Iane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife?

All. No, doe not Rafe.

Rafe. Sirra Hammon Hammon, dost thou thinke a shoemaker is so base, to be a bawd to his owne wife for cõmodity? take thy gold, choke with it: were I not lame, I would make thée eate thy words.

Firke. A shoemaker sell his flesh and bloud, oh indignitie!

Hodge. Sirra take vp your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in lieu,
Of that great wrong I offered thy Iane?
To Iane and thée I giue that twentie pound,
Since I haue laid of her, during my life,
I vow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellowes of the gentle trade,
Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made. Exit.

Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be trudging: here Iane take thou it, now let's home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here? Iane, on againe with thy maske.

Enter Lincolne, Lord Mayor, and seruants.

Lin. Wonders the lying varlet mockt vs so.

L.Ma. Come hither sirra.

Firke. I sir, I am sirra you meane me, doe you not?

Lin. Where is my nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him ioy, I am glad of it: they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, Mars in Venus.

L.Ma. Willaine, thou told'st me that my daughter Rose,
This morning should be married at Saint Faiths,
We haue watcht there these three houres at the least,
Yet we see no such thing.

Firke. Truely I am sorry for't, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, vonders the Bride and

Bride-

Bridegroome you looke for I hope: though you bee Lords, you are not to barre by your authoritie men from women, are you?

L. Ma. See see my daughter's maskt.

Lin. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firke. Yea truly, God helpe the poore couple, they are lame and blind.

L. Ma. Ile ease her blindnesse.

Lin. Ile his lamenesse cure.

Firke. Lye downe sirs, and laugh, my fellow Raph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and lame for mistris damaske Rose, this is all my knauerie.

L. Ma. What haue I found you minion?

Lin. O base wretch,
May hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?
What battells haue you made? O yes I see,
Thou foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer'd thee;
This lamenesse will not serue.

L. Ma. Unmaske your selfe.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L. Ma. Take your nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, swounds what meane you? are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, wher's Hammon?

L. Ma. Your wife?

Lin. What Hammon?

Raph. Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that laies hands on her first, Ile lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

Firke. To him lame Raph, here's braue sport.

Raph. Rose call you her? why her name is Jane, looke here else, doe you know her now?

Lin. Is this your daughter?

L. Ma. No nor this your nephew:
My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,
By this base craftie varlet.

Firke. Yea forsooth no varlet, forsooth no base, forsooth I am but meane, not craftie neither, but of the gentle Craft.

L.Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? where is my childe?

Lin. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firke. Why here is good lac'd mutton as I promist you.

Lin. Villaine I'le haue thee punisht for this wrong.

Firke. Punish the Journeyman villaine, but not the Journeyman shoomaker. Enter Dodger.

Dod. My Lord I come to bring vnwelcome newes,
Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,
Earely this morning wedded at the Sauoy,
None being present but the Lady Mayresse:
Besides I learnt among the Officers,
The Lord Mayor vowes to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shall seeke to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares Eyre the Shoomaker vphold the deed?

Firke. Yes sir, Shoomakers dare stand in a womans quarrell I warrant as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But I'le preuent him, come sir Roger Otley,
The King will doe vs iustice in this cause,
How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,
I will disioyne the match, or lose my life. Exeunt.

Firke. Adue Mounsieur Dodger, farewell soles, ha, ha.
Oh if they had staid I would haue so lamb'd them with clouts,
O heart, my Codpeece-point is readie to flye in peeces euery time I thinke vpon mistris Rose, but let that passe, as my Ladie Mayresse saies.

Hodge. This matter is answered: come Rafe, home with thy wife, come my fine Shoomakers, let's to our masters the new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this Shroue-Tuesday, I'le promise you wine enough, for Madge keepes the Seller.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firke. And Ile promise you meat enough, for slumbring Susan keeps the Larder, I'le lead you to victualls my braue souldiers, follow your Captaine, O braue, hearke, hearke. Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancake bell, tri lill my hearts.

Firke.

Firke. O braue, oh ſweet bell, O delicate Pancakes, open the doore my hearts, and ſhut vp the windowes, keepe in the houſe, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, let's march together for the honor of S. Hugh, to the great new hall in Gracious ſtreet corner, which our Maſter the new Lord Mayor hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellowes that will dine at my Lord Mayors coſt to day.

Hodge. The Lord Mayor is a moſt braue man, how ſhall Prentiſes be bound to pray for him and the honour of the Gentlemen Shoemakers? let's feed and be fat with my Lord Mayors bountie.

Firke. O muſicall Bell ſtill! O Hodge, O my brethren; there's cheere for the Heauens, veniſon paſties walke vp and downe piping hot like Serieants: Beefe and Brewes comes marching in drifattes, ſutters and Pancakes come trowling in wheele-barrowes, hens and orenges hopping in porters baſkets collops and egges in ſcuttles, and Tarts and Cuſtards comes quauering in malt ſhouels.

Enter more prentiſes.

All. Whoop, loke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads whither away ſo faſt?

1 Pren. Whither? why to the great new Hall, know you not why? the Lord Mayor hath bidden all the prentiſes in London to breakefaſt this morning.

All. Oh braue Shoemaker! oh braue Lord of incomprehenſible good fellowſhip, whoo! hearke you, the Pancake-Bell rings. Caſt vp Caps.

Firke. Nay more my hearts, euery Shroue-tuesday is our yeare of Jubile: and when the Pancake-Bell rings, we are as free as my Lord Mayor, we may ſhut vp our ſhoppes and make holiday: I'le haue it call'd Saint Hughs Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint Hughs Holiday.

Hodge. And this ſhall continue for euer.

All. Oh braue, come come my hearts, away, away.

Firke. Eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft, march faire my hearts, O rare! Exeunt.

Enter the King and his traine ouer the stage.

King. Is our Lord Maior of London such a gallant?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your Land, Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man, Hees rather a wild Ruffian than a Maior: Yet thus much Ile ensure your Maiestie, In all his actions that concerne his state, He is as serious, prouident, and wise, As full of grauity amongst the graue, As any Maior hath beene this many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffe-cap, But all my doubt is when we come in presence, His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Noblem. It may be so my Liege.

King. Which to preuent, Let some one giue him notice 'tis our pleasure, That he put on his wonted merriment: Set forward. All. On afore. Exeunt.

Enter, Eyre, Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and other Shoomakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine Hodge, my iolly Gentlemen Shoomakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers? let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoomakers, none but the liuerie of my Company shall in their sattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more Firke, come liuely, let your fellow prentises want no cheere, let wine be plentifull as beere, and beere as water, hang these peny pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent Lambes skinnes, rip knaues, auant, looke to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end for roome, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my iolly prentises bee feasted: auoid Hodge, runne Raph, strike about my nimble Firke, carouse wee fadome

dome healths to the honour of Shomakers, doe they drinke liuely Hodge? doe they tickle it Firke?

Firke. Tickle it? some of them haue taken their liquor standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? where's this swag-belly, this greasie kitchinstuffe cooke, call the varlet to me: want meat? Firke, Hodge, Iane Rafe, runne my tall men, beleaguer the Shambles, begger all East-cheape, serue me whole Oxen in Chargers, and let Sheepe whine vpon the tables like Pigs, for want of good fellowes to eat them. Want meat? vanish Firke, auaunt Hodge.

Hodge. Your Lordship mistakes my man Firke, he meanes their bellies want meat not the bowds, for they haue drunke so much they can eat nothing.

Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord?

Eyre. How now Lady Maggy?

Wife. The kings most excellent Maiestie is new come, he sends me for thy honor, one of his most worshipfull Peeres bad me tell thou must be merrie, and so forth: but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigne come? vanish my tall Shomakers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentizes: yet stay a little, how now Hans, how lookes my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me,
I know your honour easily may obtaine,
Free pardon from the king for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to my Vncles grace.

Eyre. Haue done my good Hans, my honest Iourneyman, looke cheerily, I'le fall vpon both my knees till they be as hard as horne, but I'le get thy pardon.

Wife. God my Lord haue a care what you speake to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Islington whitepot, hence you hopper-arse, you Barely pudding full of maggots, you hoild Carbonado, auaunt, auaunt, auoyd Mephistophilus: shall Sim Eyre learne to speake of you Lady Maggy? vanish mother Spineuer-Cap, vanish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your platters and

your pitherie patherie, your flewes and your whirligigs, goe, rub out of mine alley: Sim Eyre knowes how to speake to a Pope, to Sultan Solyman, to Tamberlaine and he were here: and shall I melt, shall I drope before my Soueraigne? no, come my Lady Maggy, follow me Hans, about your businesse my frolike freebooters: Firke, frisk about, and about, and about for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London.

Firke. Hey for the honour of Shoemakers. Exeunt.

A long flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife, Lacy, Rose: Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacy, though the fact was very foule,
Of your Reuolting from our Kingly loue,
And your owne vertue, yet we pardon you,
Rise both, and Wilkis Lacy, thanke my Lord Mayor
For your young bridegroome here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the Gentlemen Shoemakers shall set your sweet Maiesties image theeke by iole by Saint Hugh, for this honour you haue done poore Simon Eyre, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude behauiour, I am a handie crafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would be sorrie at my soule that my boldnesse should offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray thee good Lord Mayor, be euen as merry
As if thou wert among thy Shoemakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Sayst thou me so my sweet Diocletian? then humpe, Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, I'le be as merrie as a Pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art?

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a stripling, a yonker, you see not a white haire on my head, nor a gray in this beard, euery haire I assure thy Maiesty that sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre valews at the ransome of Babilons ransome, Tamar Chams beard was a rubbing brush to't, yet I'le shaue it off, and stuffe tennise balles with it to please my bully King.

King. But all this while I doe not know your age.

Eyre,

Eyre. My Liege, I am six and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry humpe, with a sound heart, for the honour of Saint Hugh: marke this old wench my King, I danc't the shaking of the Sheets with her sir and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or three Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still: care: & cold lodging brings white haires. My sweet Maiesty, let care banish, cast it upon thy Nobles, it will make thee looke always young like Apollo, and cry humpe: Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne.

King. Ha, ha, say Cornewall, didst thou euer see his like?

Noblem. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. Lincolne what newes with you?

Lin. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe,
For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors where? who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my Officers? I'le spend my soule ere my King feele harme.

King. Where is the Traitor Lincolne?

Lin. Here he stands.

King. Cornewall, lay hands on Lacy: Lincolne speake,
What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?

Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to doe me honour,
Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy,
Desertlesse fauours, you made choyce of him,
To be Commander ouer powers in France,
But he:

King. Good Lincolne, prethee pause a while,
Euen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake,
I know how Lacy did neglect our loue,
Ran himselfe deepely (in the highest degree)
Into vile treason.

Lin. Is he not a Traitor?

King. Lincolne, he was, now haue we pardoned him,
'Twas not a base want of true valours fire
That held him out of France, but loues desire.

Lin. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe.

King.

King. Nor shalt thou Lincolne, I forgiue you both.
Lin. Then god my Liege forbid the boy to wed
One whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.
King. Are they not married?
Lin. No my Liege.
Both. We are.
King. Shall I diuorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare vntie
The sacred knot knit by Gods Maiestie;
I would not for my Crowne disioyne their hands,
That are conioyn'd in holy nuptiall bands:
Now saist thou Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?
Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.
King. But Rose I'me sure her Lacy would forgoe.
Rose. If Rose were askt that question shée'd say no.
King. You teare them Lincolne.
Lin. Yea my Liege I doe.
King And canst thou finde in heart to part these two?
Who seekes besides you to diuorce these louers?
L.Ma. I doe (my gratious Lord) I am her father.
King. Sir Roger Otely, our last Mayor I thinke.
Nob. The same my Liege.
King. Would you offend Loues lawes?
Well you shall haue your wills: you sued to me
To prohibit the match: Soft, let me see,
You both are married, Lacy art thou not?
Hans. I am dread Soueraigne.
King. Then vpon thy life,
I charge thée not to call this woman wife.
L.Ma. I thanke your Grace.
Rose. O my most gracious Lord. kneele.
King. Nay Rose neuer woe me, I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
Yet I beleeue I shall not marrie you.
Rose. Can you diuide the body from the soule,
Yet make the body liue?
King. Yea so profound:
I cannot Rose, but you I must vnbinde,

Faire

Faire maid this Bridegroome cannot be your Bride,
Are you pleas'd Lincolne? Otley, are you pleas'd?
Both. Yes my Lord.
King. Then's must my heart be eas'd,
For credit me, my conscience lies in paine,
Till these whom I diuorc'd be ioyned againe:
Lacy giue me thy hand, Rose lend me thine,
Be what you would be: kisse now: so, that's fine,
At night (Louers) to bed: now let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony?
L.Ma. Will you then take from me my childe perforce?
King. Why tell me Otley shines not Lacys name,
As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
Of any Citizen.
Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,
I doe mislike the match farre more than he,
Her bloud is too too base.
King. Lincolne no more,
Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blood?
Cares not for difference of birth or state,
The maid is young, well borne, faire, vertuous,
A worthy Bride for any Gentleman:
Besides your Nephew for her sake did scope
To bare necessitie; and as I heare,
Forgetting honours and all Courtly pleasures,
To gaine her loue became a Shoomaker:
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeeme it: Lacy kneele thee downe,
Arise Sir Rowland Lacy: tell me now,
Tell me in earnest Otley, canst thou chide?
Seeing thy Rose a Lady and a Bride,
L.Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath done.
Lin. And I my Leige since there's no remedy.
King. Come on then, all shake hands, I'le haue you friends
Where there is much loue all discord ends:
What saies my mad Lord Mayor to all this loue?
Eyre. O my Liege, the honour you haue done to my fine Journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these fauours which

you haue holpen to me this day in my poore house, will make Simon Eyre liue longer by one dozen of warme Summers more than he should.

King. May my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name) If any grace of mine can length thy life: One honour more I'le doe thee, that new building, Which at thy cost in Cornehill is erected, Shall take a name from vs, we'le haue it call'd, The Leaden Hall, because in digging it, You found the lead that couereth the same.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.

Wife. God blesse your grace.

King. Lincolne, a word with you.

Enter Hodge, Firke, and more Shoomakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly, yonder is the King.

King. With the old troope which there we keepe in pay, We will incorporate a new supply: Before one Summer more passe ore my head, France shall repent England was iniured, What are those?

Hans. All Shoomakers my Liege, Sometimes my fellowes, in their companie I liu'd as merry as an Emperor.

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoomakers?

Eyre. All Shoomakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Troyans, courageous Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All. God saue your Maiestie.

King. Mad Simon, would they any thing with vs?

Eyre. Hum mad knaues not a word, I le do't I warrant you. They are all Beggers my Liege, all for themselues and I for them all, on both my knees doe intreat, that for the honour of poore Simon Eyre, and the good of his Brethren these mad knaues your Grace would vouchsafe some priuiledge to my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and sell Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

King. Well Sim, I grant your suite, you shall haue Patent

To

To hold two market dayes in Leaden-Hall,
Mondayes and Fridays, those shall be the times:
Will this content you?

All. Jesus bless your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shoomakers, I most humblie thanke your Grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giuing veine, and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boone more.

King. What is it my Lord Mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to tast of a poore Banquet, that's sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall vndoe thee Eyre only with this,
Alreadie haue I beene too troublesome,
Say, haue I not?

Eyre. O my deare King, Sim Eyre cannot say so; vpon a day of shrouing which I promist to all the merrie Prentises of London: for an't please you when I was prentise
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse vpon my backe:
And then vpon a morning, some mad boyes
(It was Shroue-tuesday, euen as 'tis now)
Gaue me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my Tankard, if euer I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I would feast the Prentises. This day my Liege I did it, and the slaues had an hundred Tables fiue times couered, they are gone home and vanisht.
Yet adde more glorie to the Gentle Trade,
Taste of Eyres Banquet, Simon's happie made.

King. I will taste of thy Banquet, and will say,
I haue not met more pleasure on a day;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thankes to you all,
Thankes my kinde Lady Mayoresse for our cheere:
Come Lords a while let's reuell it at home,
When all our words and banquetings are done,
We must right wrongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.